

Eternally Bound

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Summary: The coming of the woken dragon leads two worlds into a conflict and has already sparked one world a vengeance so evil that it had been felt for generations and one alpha stands at the centre of it all. The day two mysterious riders saved Berk was the day Berk fell apart.

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Chapter 1- An Unwelcomed Mishap

Hi everyone! It's nice to meet you cyberly of course. *waving hands like a mad man* I watched both the films and was inspired to write this fanfic because I absolutely adore all the characters especially Hiccup/Astrid couple! For those of you who haven't watched 'How To Train Your Dragon 2', please watch it first before reading my story. It had spoilers in it ;P

But without further a do, on to the story!

Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD but wished I did

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><p>This is Berk. It used to be twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. Now though my village in one word? It's still sturdy as its been for the past seven generations but as new buildings have been created, another usually tumbles down by accident. And I use that word lightly. You see, most places specialise in fishing, hunting and have good view of the sunset but here on Berk, we have...Dragons.<p>

You see after the termination of the Red Death courtesy of my bud Toothless and I, everything had changed and for the better I'd say. No longer were the people looking harsh and stuffy, living their lives behind closed doors. Now they're actually finally living. And

at 16, getting praises for my 'good deed' didn't go unrewarded. Everyday there would be something in front of my house like home cooked meals that I don't believe I've had for quite a while and logs to keep us warm.

My father relished the gifts, winking at me when I'd get fawned over by the people. He'd said to stop being stubborn and enjoy it while it lasts. I had thought it over but it felt wrong because it was still the people's food and warmth I'm sacrificing here! Astrid agrees, grumbling every time someone bustles over in abnormal happiness. However my other friends take advantage of the home cooked meals and often come over for dinner. Yeah I'd started to eat at home now a days for prevent myself from the cheery mob.

That's why I've been missing a lot of the times including my pal Toothless. I had taken the opportunity to fly as often as I could with Toothless because of my sudden responsibilities to the village. Its liberating. Freedom! It helps us tear away the bonds which restrain us to the ground, letting all of our worries and pains go for a few exhilarating minutes or even seconds before I was called back.

Not that I didn't love my people, its just that sometimes its best if I were not smothered. All those times I wished I did something heroic just to be recognized now fell out of the drain. Well, only about a quarter of it. My heroic deed did get me the attention of the ladies. However that led to my father thinking I needed to secure my future with a bride therefore being out here wasn't so bad after all.

The sound of the horn reeled me back to reality as I steered Toothless back to Berk. He landed softly to prevent any turbulence during our descendence resulting me to feed him some chopped fish that I had previously stored in my satchel. He gulped it heartedly and smiled a cheekily before galloping to his fellow friends whom he greeted with a head bump. Stormfly who happened to be next to him, snorted in annoyance before laying down on the ground covering her eyes with her tail in the process.

Astrid petted her friend before jumping off from the vain Nadder. She strolled over in my direction as was everybody else to the Great Hall but of course she couldn't go a day without punching me in the guts. I wretched slightly from the pain but I suppose I should've gotten used to it by now except her jabs really did hurt. Snotlout guffawed loudly from my expense before slinging an arm around me. Now this would seem like my best friend was making fun of me but alas the reality was that my best friend has a good heart and was assisting me in walking as I grunted quietly in pain.

"Ya should man up and tell her Hiccup!" He whispered in a mischievous tone. I narrowed my eyes in protest and was about to retort when my father banged his glass down several times to grasp our attention.

I widened my eyes as a signal meaning that this conversation was not over. He wiggled his bushy eyebrows and took a seat next to me as if he didn't say anything wrong. I mumbled some unintelligible words before focusing on my father. He started rambling on about the duties that were to be carried out this week and I zoned out as I've heard him prepare the same speech over and over again for the past few days.

My attention was drawn to RuffNut who was leaning almost into her twin brother's lap and love induced Snotlout leering over at her in a romantic haze. I chuckled softly at his futile attempts. I believed she almost buried him alive.

As my father's boisterous voice filled the room with a figure of authority, command and respect, an excruciating howl followed. A dragon's howl. With jarring reality I realised that it came from outside. My eyes met with Astrid's, shock registering on her face. At that moment all movement stopped. An eerie silence followed as I felt everyone's gaze on me. My skin rippled with goosebumps as Snotlout whispered in my ear.

"Err...oh mighty Dragon Master. I think that's your cue."

Before he could finish his sentence, my legs were already on the move without my authority. Realization, shock and horror slammed into me but it was quickly followed by relief.

Toothless was fine.

My gaze swept to Astrid once more. She was hugging Stormfly tightly, her axe buried in the hilt of a boulder. Its blade protruded on the other side. She was scared too. My eyes roamed around to find the source of the frightened howl only to find nothing. I felt my bushy eyebrows bury itself on the stop of my eyelids as I frowned in confusion.

With Toothless by my side I felt at ease yet at the same time, not. His teeth were bared towards the sky, as were the other dragons. A familiar blue glow erupted in his mouth but I placed a fish in his mouth before he could do any damage. Toothless however felt indifferent as he tossed the fish aside, throwing his head back and howled another ungodly howl.

I heard his bones crunch and stretch indicating that his heart rate was spiking. His raven calloused ears pricked up in curiosity as he moved into a shielding position in front of me. My whole body was covered by his beast of a wing but nothing could stop me from witnessing the strangest event ever.

There up in the dark, velvet sky was a very large, spiky dragon with two big mammoth-like tasks and huge multiple wings that appeared out of a very static, purple hole of sorts and was accompanied by two smaller dragons. Like our dragons. The odd thing was, it was a Nightfury and a Nadder. As a flock of dark clouds loomed over the island, the people and animals scurried to the comfort of their homes while the trees swayed with the harsh wind. Then I realised.

Toothless was not alone! There was another Nightfury before us.

I could barely make out that the rider of the Nightfury wore black armour with a spiked mask preventing us from masking his identity. He rode the dragon with ease and familiarity. The accuracy in their turns and tumbles were astounding and I wondered if one day Toothless and I would be able to be as good as them.

A sudden breeze rushed passed us which I realised was the second rider. He wore quite a lot of fur with similar spiked armour as he

also showed his talents with his sea coloured dragon. He was at least two stories up before jumping off his dragon and onto the roof of the Great Hall which was surrounded with razor sharp rolls of wires to prevent enemies from attacking. He seemed to have brushed it off as bad threat, crouching low, he manoeuvred across the roof, stopping each time he heard his friend's voice filtered from above.

I watched as he eyed the horn that we used to alert the people of danger opposite the roof of the Great Hall. He moved to the back of the structure swiftly where the roof top edge was. If he got a good running start, he'd be able to make it. And before I could spiral into different options he leaped across us, grabbing hold of the wire at the same time, flying effortlessly to the platform of the horn. He landed on a patch of soft grass and I swore he sighed in relief when he grabbed hold of the horn.

Taking a deep breath, the sound of the horn blew me away. My ears pricked in annoyance as Toothless covered my ears. The large lava-like dragon had been distracted from the Nightfury rider, his eyes targeting the second rider.

Abruptly, all the dragons beside me including Toothless flew towards the second rider, flame at the ready. I heard him gasp in shock as he told us in a musky voice;

"Do not follow your dragons." He warned to the owner of the dragons who were already taking a few steps forward to bring back their dragons. His fur swept to the ground, leaving his trail of damp grass behind him as he ran away from us.

He had kept a frantic pace but dared to look over his shoulder. I was sure his face must have been in shock. I would have been if a pack of dragons-enormous, long-fanged, slobbering beasts- were hot on my heels. Miraculously, he dug deeper and his speed increased. A thick copse of trees were dead ahead of him and it seemed as though he had plans to climb it but...he tripped.

He rolled over and hurried to feet only to fall to his knees. He gripped his left ankle and tried to leap up again only to fall face-first to the loamy ground. I knew from the looks of it, his leg was broken but he didn't have the luxury to cry about it. Crawling towards the nearest tree, he hoisted himself up and reached for the lowest branch.

He looked upwards to see that the large dragon was still in a one-on-one combat with the Nightfury rider. Now when I look at it, he was distracting the group of dragons from attacking his friend. I heard him panting in exhaustion and before I knew it, I was by his side. The yells of stopping me were blurred in the background.

Then hot, wet breath licked at my back. I turned, back flushed against the trunk. The dragons had surrounded us, their eyes ablaze, fangs exposed, their tongues lolling out of their mouths like they had not eaten in ages.

The largest of them which had to be Hookfang, who weighed a good 5,000 pounds had lowered his head and started to catch itself on fire. Not a good sign. I made eye contact-ish with the mask vigilante since his eyes were covered.

He glanced at the branch he was holding onto and jumped on his good leg whilst pulling himself up. As soon as his feet left the ground, mine did as well but Meatlug had lunged at his feet, his jaws snatching his furry boot right off his foot. We made fast work at climbing up the trees as the dragons came at us, nearly biting off our foot. In their blood rage to get us, they tore at the bark and climbed after us.

When we could no longer go up any further, he stopped and pulled out the horn again to blow it. I covered my ears and glared at him.

"What was that for?"

He ignored me and blew several more times, gaining the attention of the few dragons who were straying towards the first rider who was perched on top of a large boulder. His dragon was in a sitting down position and had a blue glow on him. That's strange. Toothless can't do that. Though I didn't have time to ponder as I prayed for someone to save us.

The dragons didn't listen to any of my commands which worried me especially their slit-like eyes. As if someone heard my prayers, the dragons moved to the side, parting as if royalty was making their way towards us and unfortunately it was the large, humongous beast of a dragon. I gulped traitorously slow.

Its clear blue eyes locked in a heated gaze with the rider next to me. Several of the dragons roared, and he grew furious. Like babies, the lava-like beast yelped and went belly up as he approached. I watched in silent awe as he moved effortlessly among them. He turned his big, tawny head of his towards the rider and his eyes laughed at him. He roared, shaking the ground as well as the trees in the process. A command we both understood was. Get Down. _Now._

The rider shook his head in defiance, receiving another roar in the face. Stealthily, he had grip in the axe on his back and flung it accurately between the beast's eyes. The beast cried in outrage even more so when I heard the Nightfury dragons' signature howl-that Toothless had-indicating his attack. Several blue fires erupted on the beast's face. His mouth scrunched up uncomfortably as his eyes were blinded by the fire show.

The Nightfury rider was relentless with his attacks as his dragon fired non-stop until one of his large tasks made a crack. It was quick and futile but when I heard the large thud of its task, the beast snarled, his fangs displaying his petrifying fury but was accosted with more fire power with the assistance of the rest of our dragons.

I furrowed my eyebrows in confusion. Weren't they just attacking us just now? My theory would have to wait until later as the beast fled into the purple hole which closed up immediately. The Nightfury rider yelled out in frustration, circling about the area in the sky where the hole had been.

"Hiccup!" I looked down to see my father at the bottom of the tree. His forehead creased with worry. His arms were stretched out ready to catch me as I took off from the branch.

I felt my father's tight grip around my body as he crushed me into his red, bushy beard. He was in the process of lecturing me for my stupidity when the Nightfury rider had leaped off his dragon before the black dragon had stopped. He had rushed to the second rider's aid who was had his full attention in focusing on getting down the tree without injuring his leg even further.

It didn't look easy especially when his body was shaking like leaf. Taking time and effort to manoeuvre down the tree whilst keeping the pressure of his foot, it had swollen up in the colour of a blueberry. He carefully dropped to the ground and into the arms of the patient Nightfury rider.

His fingers had slipped too early and his bad leg hit the ground before his good one. He cried out and crumpled into the rider's arms. The rider laid him gently by the trunk of the tree and leaned into him until their masks were touching in something resembling a nuzzle. This is awkward...

The rider cautiously had examined his partner's leg and stood to face us. My father placed me behind him but I dodged his attempts and stayed underneath his huge arm instead.

The arrogant air surrounding the rider hung heavily around us. More so in calm state. He was a man who did not ask to be followed; it was a given. A good foot and a half taller than I was, having a leaner and stronger build. He was wearing leather around his upper body with what appears to be a type of armour along with arm brackets that made him seem more like his Nightfury. His dark, spiked mask hid his true emotions as he reached below his dark, brown pants that were strapped around a leather boot of his right leg. His left was a peg leg.

Like me.

"I thank you for saving my village." My father began cautiously. "But unfortunately you appear to be a threat still, due to your powerful stunt."

The rider shrugged in acknowledgement pulling out a fish for his Nightfury and Nadder who flew above him.

"What is your name, sir?"

Turning his back to us and heading towards his companion he replied in a husky tone; "Help me heal her and I'll answer your questions."

Her?

**Hey guys? So what did you think about the beginning of this story? I think everyone can guess who these two 'mysterious' riders are. But do you know why or how they got here? Stay tuned to find out every Wednesday and if you're kind with reviews possibly 2 chapters per week **

Sush123 out

End
file.